

Yonston July 3, 1839

Dear Anne

I commenced an excursion to the White Mountains as was mentioned in my letter to you. We, that is, Henry, George, & myself, reached Concord the first day - Sam Jones went, & some other friends. Next day went to Plymouth. Both of these towns, you will say, are immortalized by Thompson. Rev. Mr. Parker of Cambridgeport wife, her sister, maid & child, had been here the day before our return from the White Mountains. Spent Friday night at the Hatch in Fannondia. In this vicinity is the "Old Man of the Mountains," who has braved the tempests ever since the flood. The scenery here is very magnificent, & I think, more beautiful than at the Hatch of the Wt. Mountains.

The next day we reached "Faleys Hotel," where all gentle people stop who go to visit the grandest of natures works in the North. Henry, with four days of hard toil, it was very agreeable to remain quiet the following day, which was the Sabbath, contenting ourselves with viewing the numerous mountains around from the balcony of the hotel. We announced to our host our intention to visit Mount Washington on the morrow. A horse for each one of the party was at the door in the morning. The guide mounts, & with a days store of provisions, leads the way. The rest of the party follow in single file amid rocks & old trees, now climbing unassisted, now plunged in a morass, & now finding a river, the water to the horses girths. In this way you proceed six miles - then tie your horse to a tree in a dense forest - & with staff in hand commence your pilgrimage to the upper world, the guide leading the way. The perspiration starts freely, & you

are many, & out of breath. The guide presents you with a cup of water taken from one of the many springs which are gushing from the mountain & you rest on the nearest rock a few minutes. You move on again, & again stop for breath. At length you emerge from the forest, first to stunted growth of evergreens & soon after vegetation ceases altogether. From this point to the summit, about a mile, is a mass of rocks which seems ^{nowhere} shivered to fragments by some current, & left mostly in a vertical position, on the projecting points of which you need your many way. Arrived at the summit the world is at your feet. Longevity has said it is like being in a "sea of mountains." It is the best description I know of. You soon feel the cold too intensely for comfort, & begin to descend. Arrived at the "Camp," near where the horses were left, you partake of the refreshments, which the guide has brought, with a good appetite. You now take the horses & reach the hotel about sundown, & I remain here one night, if no more of sound sleep. That most odious thing, a slave holder, from Missouri, we found there, by the name of Harlock, a lawyer. A large party of his friends from that state, he told me, were on their way to the mountains to pay the women. The women have begun already to intrude themselves into all our places of fashionable resort. How black out for males. This same thief was there last year, drinking champagne, smoking, gambling, &c. & what was the opinion which the host & all the servants formed of him? Why that he was a generous, whole soul fellow - a perfect gentleman! How much his character was brightened by the fact that no respectable woman dared to come within a mile of him, I know not, but, undoubtedly, very considerable. Tuesday commenced journeying home -wards through the Great North, Conway, Dover, Exeter, & Lowell. For twenty miles the novel winds among the mountains & the sea & accompanies it receiving constant accessions from the mountains.

At the base of the White mountains, I found a pair
of horses, black, of high reputation for youth, beauty,
docility, strength, & good behaviour generally, which I
purchased. You shall have the pleasure of seeing
them move when you come here, provided you do not
delay too long, & if you are very good, perhaps riding
after them. It is so great a loss, that I do not like to
bind myself by a law of the Medes & Persians. Tomorrow
is to be a great day here. Some 8 or 10 Tartars meet here
with flags streaming & all the pomp & circumstance of
a garrison near, to drink wine & burn gun powder.

It is a dramatic celebration - I expect to attend,
& thus to prove that I am not a non-resistant. Had
I the eloquence of Phillips, how I would ^{make} ~~entertain~~
clutter about their ears. Martin should have his deserts.

Eliza Wright is expected in town to day, & perhaps
St Clair, as he said, at the County meeting of Worcester
worth a few days since, that he intended to come -
get up a Soc. here (auxiliary to his faction), for that there
were 200 good abolitionists in this place who would not
unite with the present society. They are despicable
in their measures. Garrison's remarks ^{entitled a force in our act} in the last
Liberator ^{but one} were very good - the conspirators should have
no quarter. Johnson, reply to Whittier indicated some
sense, tho' Eliza W. calls him a fool. Shall you go to
the convention at Albany? If you do, had you not
better join us, that is Mary & myself? I am now thinking
of going across the country to Albany, but have not fully
settled it. I expect you Non-resistant, will be humbled
somewhat modestly, & perhaps annihilated, better make
your wills.

Yours, as ever A Garrison & the

Paid
J. F.

PAID

Miss Anne W Weston

Weymouth

Mass.

July 3. 1839